

THE
MAID
AND THE
MAGPIE,
AN
Interesting Tale, Founded on Facts,
BY CHARLES MORETON.

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(THE)
WID and the MAGPIE
an Interesting Tale
Founded on Facts.)
By Charles Maturin.



LONDON.

Published by G. Stevens,
10 Borough Road, Southwark.







Verse 16

THE
M A I D.
AND THE
M A G P I E.

1

AT Palaiseau, there liv'd a maid,
In form and features mild ;
The stings of conscience never prey'd,
On this devoted child.

2

She serv'd a wealthy farmer there,
An honest soul was he ;
Her comforts were his only care,
And all he wish'd to see.

3

3

His wife was of another mould,
 And prematurely smart ;
 Hasty, and rash, with that a scold,
 Yet still a feeling heart.

4

One summers eve', her labor done,
 She sat in pensive plight ;
 Watching the clear declining sun,
 With rapt'rous delight.

5

'Twas then, that Blaisot trembling came
 And sitting by her side ;
 Ventur'd to declare his flame,
 And ask her for his bride.

6

He told his tale of tender love,
 Then on her hand he sigh'd !
 Annette she blush'd, her love to prove
 And with his suit complied.

In mutual flame, their bosoms burn,
 He steals a rapt'rous kiss ;
 When soon old Juliannes return,
 Distroy'd the lovers bliss.

By Farm-house door in wicker cage,
 A Magpie hung to view ;
 Whose prattling tongue would oft assuage,
 The melancholy few.

Julianne now strict orders made,
 To clean up all the plate ;
 Annette her orders quick obey'd
 And sought the outer gate.

Her Father who was sadly poor,
 And wander'd heedless were ;
 Just at the moment reach'd the door,
 In wild, and deep despair.

11

His wretched form, she knew full well,
 His voice she knew as soon ;
 Her feelings now what pen can tell,
 She dropt both fork and spoon.

12

She rush'd distracted to his arms,
 In extacy of joy ;
 Nor dreamt that scoffs and rude alarms
 Would e'er her peace destroy.

13

When at this moment from his hold,
 The Magpie swiftly flew ;
 He seiz'd the spoon : ah ! wretch so bold,
 And dragg'd it from their view.

14

Swift to the Abbey then he sped,
 Borne on the buoyant air ;
 Nor ever thought that as he fled,
 Annette his guilt would bear.





15

Look up my child and view me here,
One lost to all his clan ;
My enemies, alas ! are near,
To claim a wretched man.

16

Then on his neck the fair one fell,
A victim to despair ;
He strove her fondness to dispell,
Her grief he could not bear,

17

Just at this moment past the door,
A wretch to feelings blind ;
He view'd the guest, and saw him poor,
And therefore prov'd unkind.

18

What wretched man is that I see
In garb so sad and torn ?
A weary traveller, said she,
Who wanders here forlorn.

19

Come hither girl, — come hither lass,
 Said justice with a smile ;
 Come cheer your spirits with a glass,
 Each anxious hour beguile.

20

She saw his motive, knew his aim,
 Her heart was elsewhere plac'd ;
 Her Blaisot's form, her Blaisot's name,
 Was no where to be trac'd.

21

Just at this pause, there enter'd straight,
 His worship's clerk with speed ;
 With papers relative to fate,
 Or some foul bloody deed.

22

Read this my child, the justice said,
 And tell me what they say ;
 Judge what she felt ; ah ! luckless maid,
 Now thiuk of her dismay.





Verse 44

23

Her Fathers name was couple'd there,
With death and sore disgrace ;
"Desertion" was his crime,---dispair
Was written in her face.

24

She urg'd the justice from the spot,
And he at length compli'd ;
She trembel'd for a parents lot,
She wept, she sobb'd, she cried.

25

Her Fathers heart, by fears opprest,
He stagger'd to a chair ;
He falter'd, spoke, then on her breast,
He fell in wild dispair.

26

Oh ! pitying Heav'n, preserve my child
Preserve her God from ill ;
Then I in accents soft and mild
Will bear thy tortures still.

27

Then from his belt a fork and spoon
 He plac'd before her view ;
 He paus'd, before he ask'd the boon,
 While tears his cheeks bedew.

28

Take these sad relicks, all I hold,
 The wreck of fortune lost ;
 And quick exchange them love for gold,
 For one by fortune crost.

29

Thy form I must not see again,
 Then mark my last decree ;
 The gold that these, my love obtain,
 Convey to yonder tree.

30

This said, he vanished from her sight,
 She sank, opprest with grief ;
 Her eyes were dim, tho' azure bright,
 And tears bestow'd relief.

31

Her heart reliev'd, she sought with speed,
 Her promise to pursue ;
 When chance directed in her need,
 A wandering pedlar Jew.

32

Her Fathers wealth to him she sold,
 But heav'd a bitter sigh ;
 And as she took the glittering gold,
 A tear bedim'd her eye.

33

The Jew was gone ! she rush'd with joy,
 To seek the hollow tree ;
 Delighted that she'd soon destroy
 His cares and set him free.

34

Bat fate denied her good intent,
 Julianne cau'ne that way ;
 And stop'd her course, on virtue bent,
 And caus'd a short delay.

35

Come hither child, the matron said,
 I've business here for you;
 'Tis fit the plate be instant laid,
 Ere you your course pursue.

36

She counted o'er each massy spoon,
 When dreadful to relate;
 The one deficient, very soon,
 She miss'd among her plate.

37

Disp'air was mark'd in Annette's face
 Which beam'd deep scarlet hue;
 Where heav'nly innocence might trace,
 A heart, both firm and true.

38

'Tis passing strange, Annette then sigh'd,
 When Gerard reach'd the door;
 But whose the Thief? the Magpie cry'd,
 Annette, and said no more.





39

'Tis laughable, old Gerard said,
 And smiling as he spoke ;
 That Mag should call his fav'rite maid,
 And well enjoy'd the joke.

40

It may be so, said Julianne too,
 But ominous I wot ;
 But here's the justice---out she flew,
 And brought him to the spot

41

The case was told, he shook his head,
 Annette was prov'd the thief ;
 Each eye was now with tears o'er shed,
 With tears of poignant grief.

42

They urg'd her to confess the deed,
 I'm innocent she cry'd !
 In vain her Blaisot tried to plead,
 But, "mercy" all denied.

43

Immoveable the laws command,
 No treaties could prevail;
 They seiz'd Annette with desp'rate hand,
 Her fate they all bewail.

44

Immur'd within a dungeons gloom,
 She waits the destin'd blow;
 Tho' innocent, the culprits doom,
 Must end her ev'ry woe.

45

Her trial came,—Annette was cast,
 Each heard it with a sigh;
 And now their ev'ry hope was past,
 Annette was doom'd to die.

46

Her dreary moments, who can tell,
 Till Blaisot met her view;
 They wept, they sigh'd, when Annettes knell
 Proclaim'd their last adieu.





47

Then from her neck, a cross she took,
 And gave it kisses three ;
 Receive from one, by hope forsook,
 A gift design'd for thee.

48

He trembling took the proffer'd prize,
 Forebodings shook his frame ;
 A flood of tears bedim'd his eyes,
 He bless'd the givers name.

49

With down cast look, and heavy heart,
 He homeward bent his way ;
 He tax'd the fates, that love could part,
 Or cause such sad dismay.

50

Just as he reached his Fathers cot,
 The oncee abode of rest ;
 His nature ev'ry care forgot,
 He sank by grief opprest.

51

And has his form extended lay,
 The cross was fair to view ;
 The Magpie seiz'd it for his prey,
 And to the Abbey flew.

52

His worships clerk observ'd the theft,
 And told him of his loss ;
 The dormant youth was now bereft
 Of reason and his cross.

53

Now swiftly to the spot he flew,
 The Abbey enter'd soon ;
 His valu'd cross, now met his view,
 With it, the fork and spoon.

54

With joy he seized the stolen plate,
 His bliss, what tongue can tell ;
 He wonder'd, gaz'd, till rous'd by fate,
 And Annette's dying knell.

He starting, trembel'd at the sound—
 Again it struck his ear;
 With lightening speed he struck the ground
 To save his only dear.

In solemn state, Annette was led,
 Towards the fatal spot;
 All pray'd a blessing on her head,
 Her guilt they all forgot.

Old Gerard sought in vain to spare
 Her life, her destin'd fate;
 When Blaisot enter'd in despair,
 And shew'd the stollen plate.

A shout of joy, now rent the sky,
 Old Gerard join'd the pair;
 Erect they stand, who guilt defy,
 The guilty do not dare,

Before the sun, with bended knee,
 They sank with awful fear ;
 With praises to their Lord's decree,
 They sought their cottage cheer.

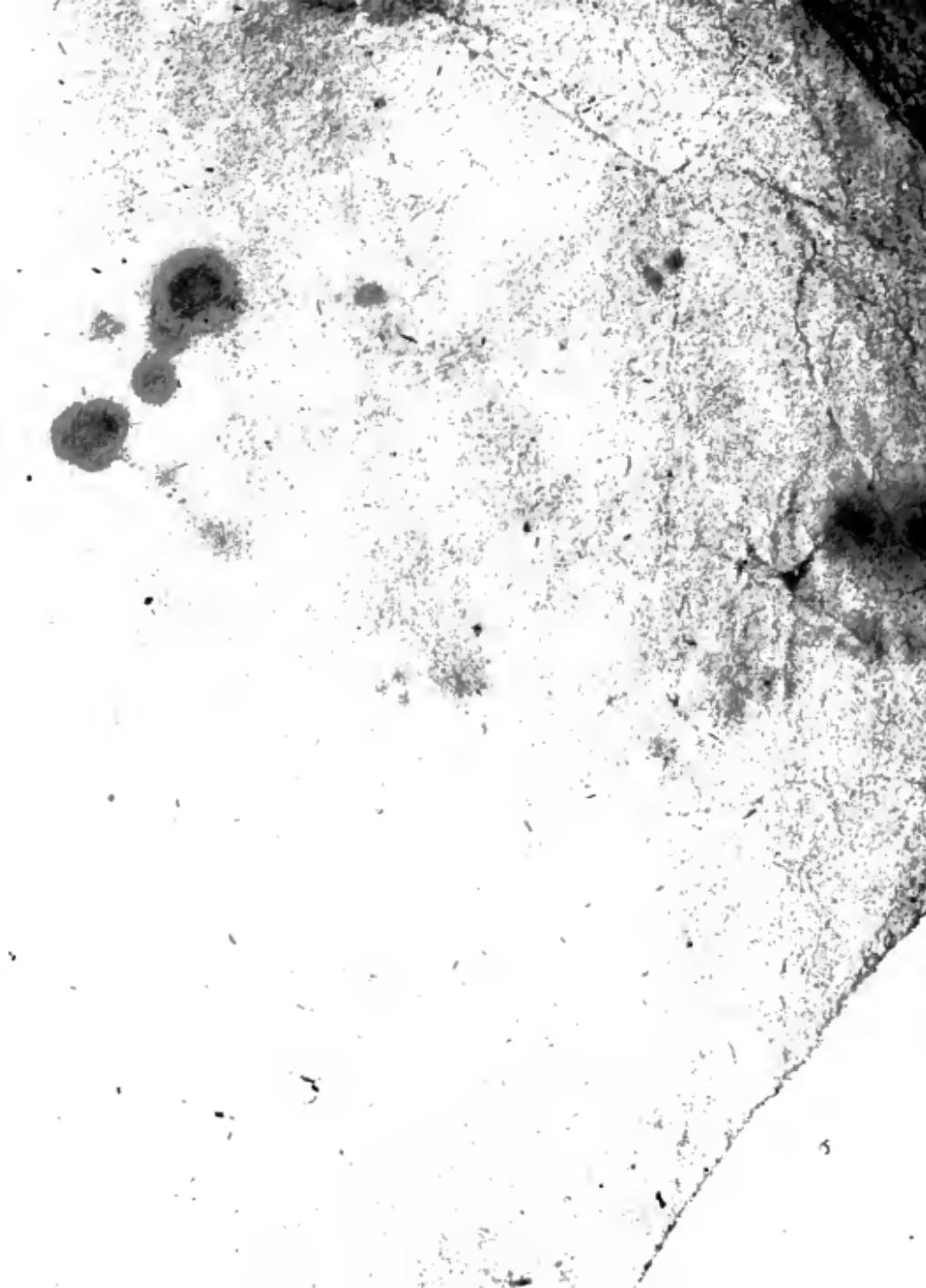
Her Father, he now met their view,
 Past cares they all defied ;
 The maid was spar'd, her virtue too,
 The Magpie 'twas that died.

F I N I S.



Verse





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